

# POLICE

NOVEMBER No. 24

COMICS 10¢

DO YOU LIKE  
**PLASTIC  
MAN?**

There are  
HUNDREDS  
OF THEM  
in THIS ISSUE!

and a special  
BONUS FEATURE...  
THE **SPIRIT!**







WEB COMIC  
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bomb load capacity, etc. Edited by L. C. Gulhman, Ensign, U. S. N. R.

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Aeronautics Photo



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Twin Tail Booms. Rounded Tail Plane.



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identifies this plane  
instantly as the  
AMERICAN Lock-  
heed P-38 Light-  
ning.

Aurpils, Toronto



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Twin Tail Booms. Rectangular Tail Plane



The 2-Line FLASH  
IDENTIFICATION  
identifies this plane  
instantly as the  
GERMAN Focke-  
Wulf Fw. 190.

# PLASTIC

## MAN

**PUZZLE:**

**... FIND THE REAL  
PLASTIC MAN!**

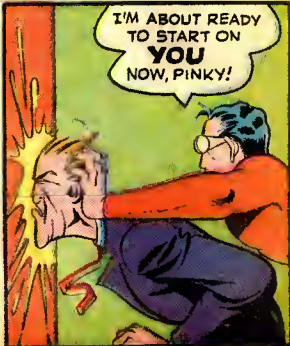
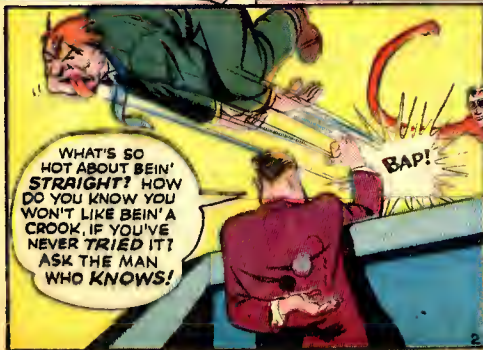
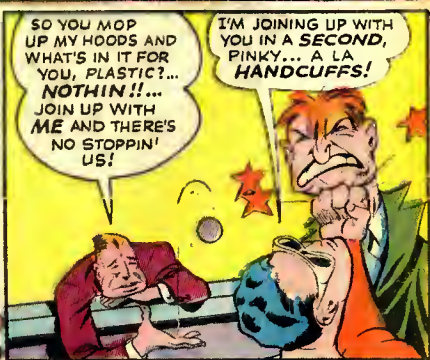
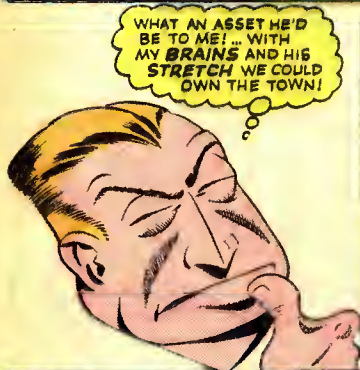
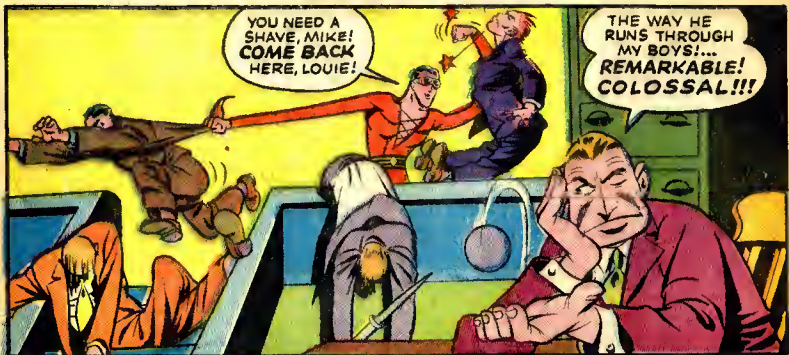
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE  
STUMPED, IMAGINE  
PLASTIC MAN'S  
DILEMMA!

... WHEN  
HE FINDS  
HIMSELF  
ATTACKED  
BY DOZENS OF  
PLASTIC MEN!

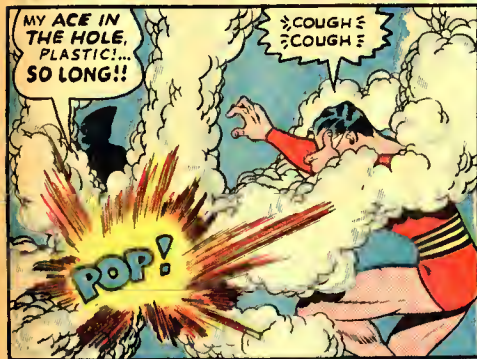
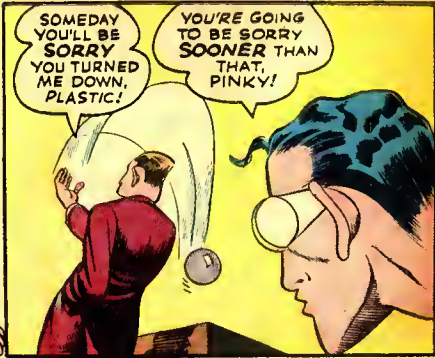
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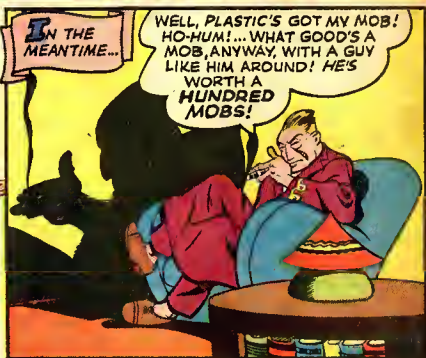
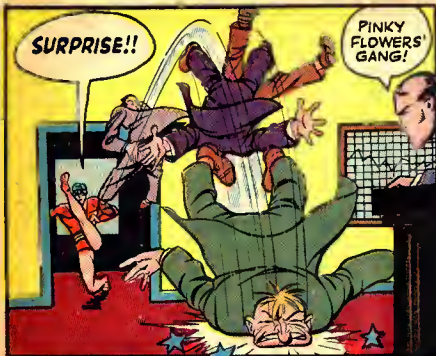
**JACK  
COLE**











THE LABORATORY OF  
DR. PHINEAS T. GLEASON,  
SCIENTIST EXTRAORDINARY...

METHINKS I'M GROWING  
BORED WITH SPLITTING THE  
ATOM! BESIDES, I HAVENT  
YET FIGURED OUT WHY  
I'M DOING IT!  
TEE-HEE!

GREETINGS,  
PINKY, M'LAD! YOUR  
ARRIVAL IS MOST  
OPPORTUNE! I WAS  
TIRING OF MY WORK!  
HOW ABOUT A  
GAME OF  
GIN RUMMY?

NIX ON THAT,  
DOC! ... NOT  
WHEN I'M JUST  
**BUSTIN'**  
WITH  
IDEAS!

DOC! I WANNA  
KNOW ... CAN  
YOU MAKE  
A PLASTIC  
MAN?

WHAT A  
JOLLY IDEA!  
BUT  
WHAT  
FOR?

I JUST  
GOTTA  
HAVE  
ONE!  
CAN YOU  
DO  
IT?

CAN I? ... OF  
COURSE I CAN!  
DOCTOR PHINEAS  
T. GLEASON CAN  
MAKE ANYTHING...  
ANYTHING! BUT WHY  
ONE PLASTIC MAN?  
I CAN MAKE  
DOZENS OF THEM...  
HUNDREDS IF  
NEED BE!

Y'CAN, DOC!  
OH ...  
THAT'S  
**GREAT!**

COFFEE  
?

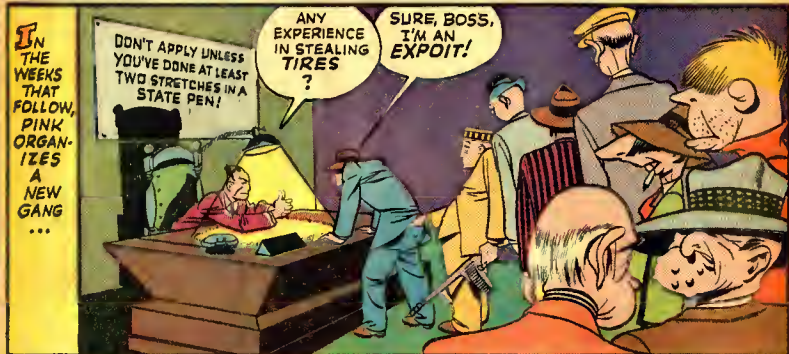
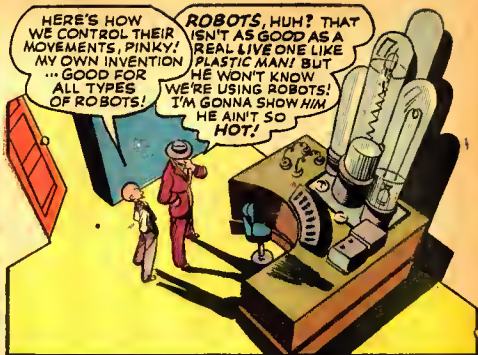
YEAH!

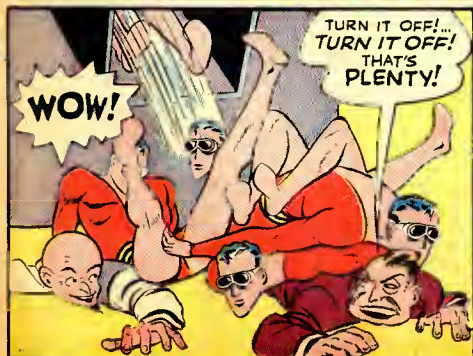
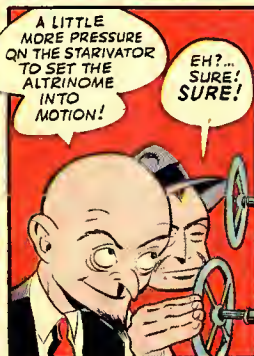
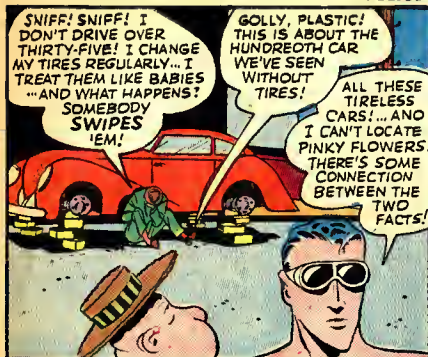
WH-WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? ♪SLURP? ...  
YOU CAN DO IT ...  
♪SLURP-SLURP?  
--CAN'T YOU?

I JUST  
REMEMBERED!  
--IT CAN'T BE DONE!  
PRIORITIES, YOU  
KNOW ... NO  
**RUBBER!**

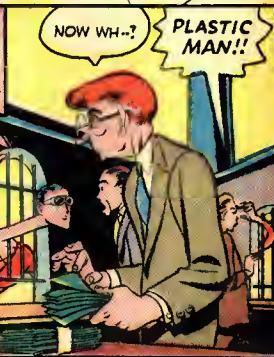
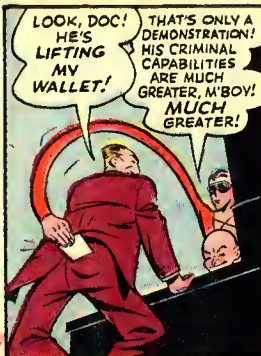
YOU THINK A  
LITTLE THING LIKE  
**PRIORITIES** IS  
GONNA STOP  
PINKY FLOWERS?  
HUH! ... WE'LL USE  
RECLAIMED  
RUBBER -- OLD  
TIRES AND RECAPS!  
I'LL STEAL  
THOUSANDS  
OF THEM!

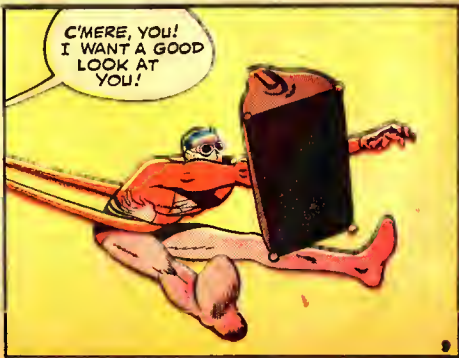
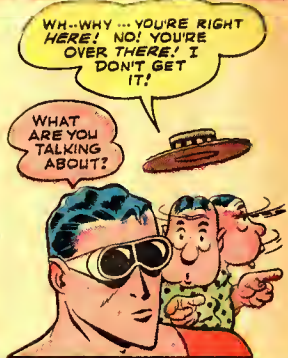
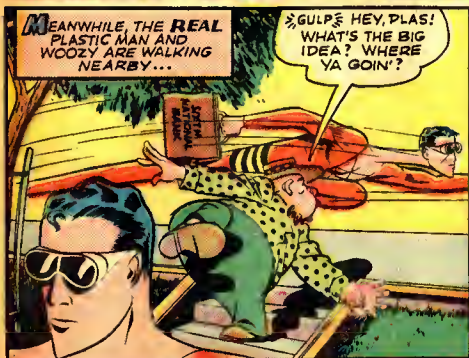




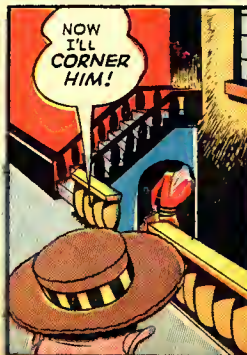
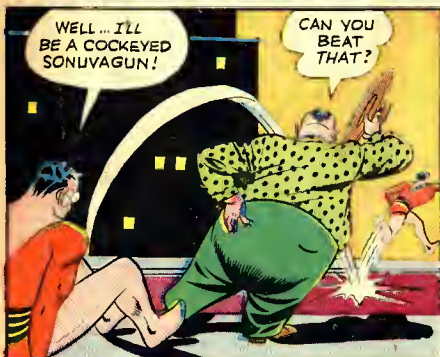
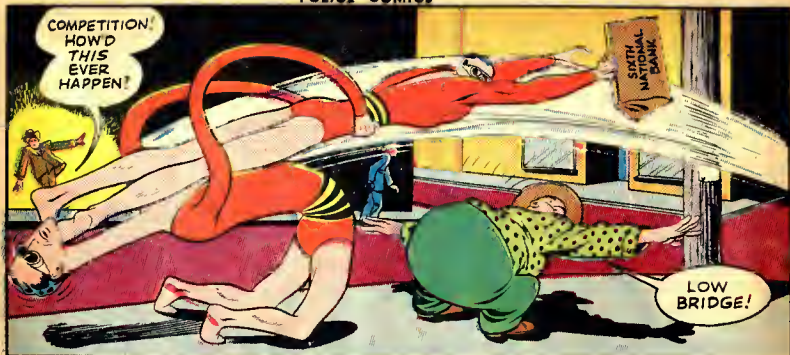


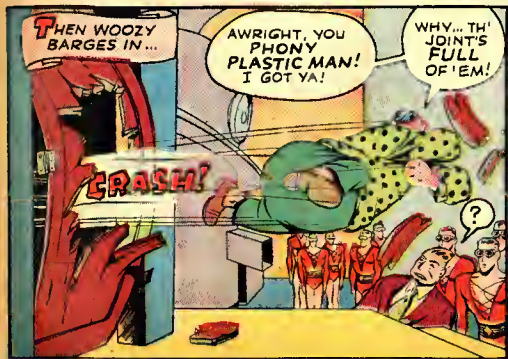
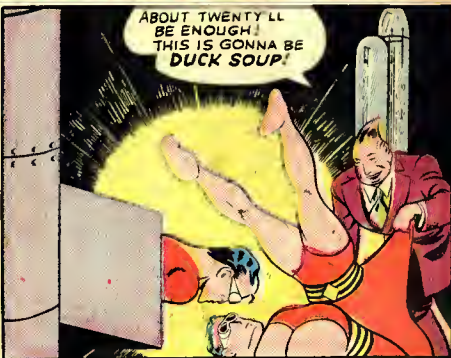
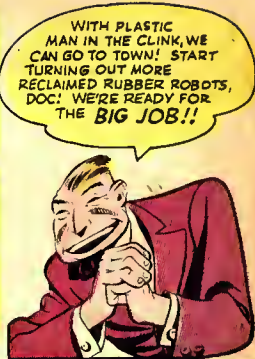
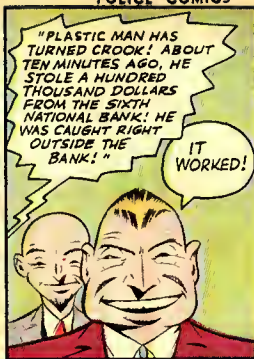




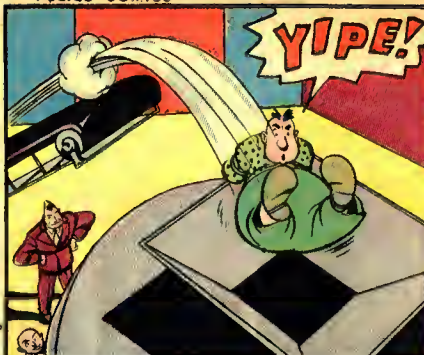
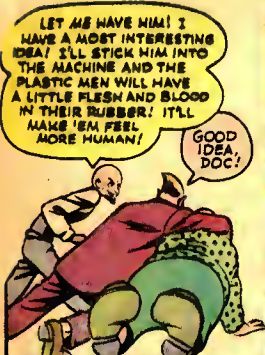




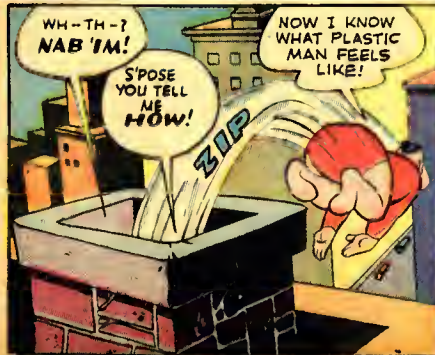
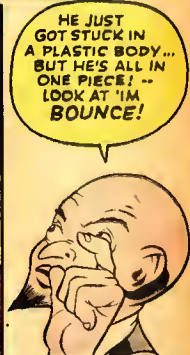








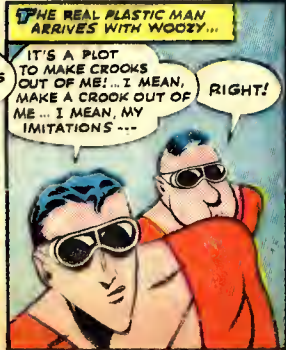
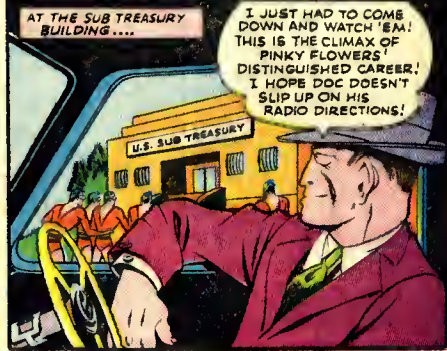
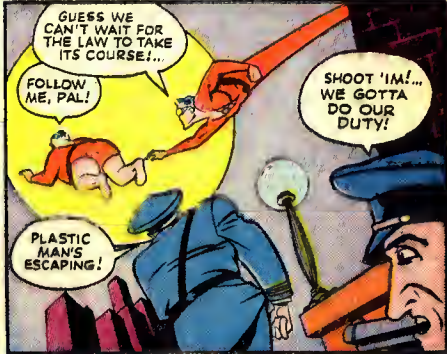
BUT HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, DEAR READER, THAT MOTHER NATURE HAS AN UNCANNY WAY OF COMING TO WOOLLY'S RESCUE SOME-TIMES?



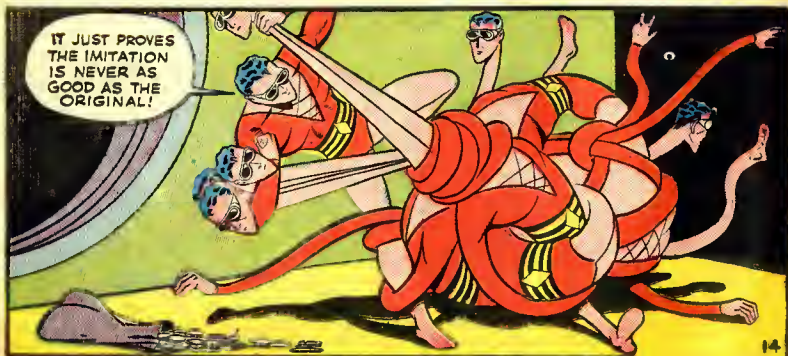
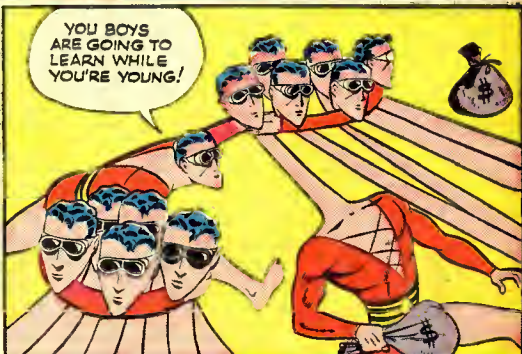
POLICE COMICS



YOU'RE TELLIN' ME! PINKY FLOWERS AN' SOME WACKY DOCTOR ARE MAKIN' MILLIONS OF 'EM! OUT OF RECLAIMED RUBBER! THEY'RE GONNA ROB THE SUB TREASURY! YOU GOTTA GET OUT!







IN THE MEANTIME...

THIS RECLAIMED RUBBER WON'T STAND UP UNDER HARD USAGE!

EASE UP ON PINKY, WOOLZY! WE MUST GET THAT SCIENTIST ... AND INCIDENTALLY WE'LL HAVE TO GET YOU OUT OF YOUR PLASTIC BODY!

GEE! ... BUT I LIKE IT THIS WAY!

WELL...WELL...I KNEW SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG! VERY INTERESTING!

MAYBE THEY'LL LET YOU USE THIS RUBBER TO PAD YOUR CELL, DOC! WOOLZY, CALL THE COPS--AND THE PRIORITIES BOARD AUTHORITIES!

DO YOU THINK THEY'D REALLY LET ME PAD MY OWN CELL?

YES, IF THEY'LL LET YOU OUT OF A STRAIGHT JACKET LONG ENOUGH!

NOW I'M JUST PLAIN WOOLZY AGAIN!

THE POLICE AND THE PRIORITIES BOARD AUTHORITIES ARRIVE...

I HAVE FAILED!... PINKY FLOWERS A FAILURE! OHHH!

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE TIRE STEALING EPIDEMIC! AND THIS IS THE MACHINE HE MADE THE PLASTIC ROBOTS IN!

AND TO THINK WE SUSPECTED YOU, PLASTIC!

NO! NO! NOT THAT! NOT THAT!

YES! THAT ONE TOO!

WHAT'S WRONG NOW?

FOR STEALING TIRES WE MUST TAKE AWAY ALL HIS RATION BOOKS! HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THOSE FOR GAS, SUGAR, SHOES OR CANNED GOODS SO MUCH, BUT HE BALKS AT GIVING UP HIS COFFEE RATION!

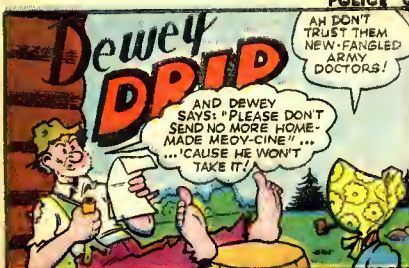
WHY, DOC?

I'VE FIGURED OUT A FORMULA FOR MAKING A REAL INDIA RUBBER PLASTIC MAN FROM COFFEE BEANS!

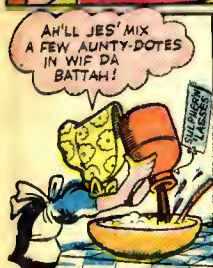
ANOTHER PLASTIC MAN ADVENTURE, NEXT ISSUE!!



# Dewey Drip



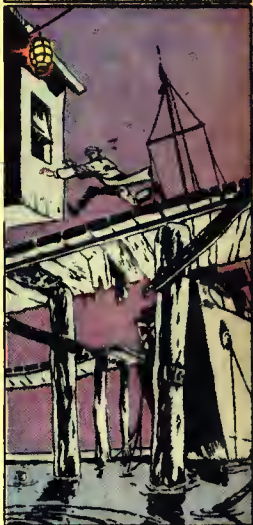
AH GOTTA FIGGER A WAY FO' HIM TO TAKE MAH HOME-MADE REMEDIES WIFOUT HIM KNOWIN' IT!





**THE SPIRIT!!**  
 KEEN AND TWO-FISTED,  
**THE SPIRIT**, IN REALITY,  
**DENNY COLT**, LONG-  
 BELIEVED DEAD,  
 OPERATES FROM A  
 SECRET CRIME  
 LABORATORY DEEP  
 UNDER **WILDWOOD**  
**CEMETERY**. HE IS  
 AIDED BY HIS FAITH-  
 FUL YOUNG FRIEND,  
**EBONY**. ONLY POLICE  
 COMMISSIONER **DOLAN**  
 KNOWS HIS TRUE  
 IDENTITY.

MIDNIGHT... THE STACCATO OF  
 RUNNING FEET BREAKS A SILENCE  
 WHICH HANGS LIKE A PALL OVER  
 THE DESERTED WHARVES THAT  
 POINT CROOKEDLY OUT INTO NORTH  
 RIVER... A MAN FLEES FOR HIS LIFE...



STUMBLING... CRAWLING... STAGGERING,  
 HIS FACE TWISTED IN ABJECT FEAR,  
 HE MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS A DOCK.

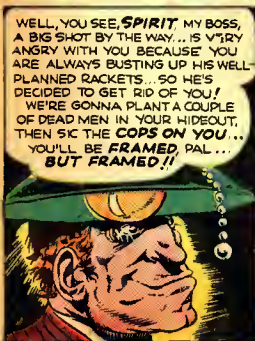




POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS

IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER  
DOLAN...THE SPIRIT'S SECRET  
FRIEND....

YOU MEAN, SQUIRE SAMPSON, THAT YOU CAN PROVE THAT THE SPIRIT IS A MURDERER?

HRMF..AH.. PRECISELY!! IF YOU FOUND, SAY THE BODIES OF BUGS BADGER AND PINKY PRESTON IN HIS HIDEOUT... AND A WITNESS OR TWO.. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, MR. MAYOR?

I'D SAY THAT THE SPIRIT WAS GUILTY!

AND WHOS YOUR WITNESS...ONE OF YOUR HENCHMEN?

SIR!!

CAREFUL, DOLAN! MR SAMRSON IS A VERY INFLUENTIAL MAN IN THIS CITY....

I DON'T CARE WHO HE IS! BY GOLLY,SQUIRE SAMPSON.. IF YOU'VE GOT EVIDENCE, JUST PRESENT IT IN THE PROPER AMERICAN WAY! AND STOP SNEAKIN' AROUND!

QUITE RIGHT... I EXPECT MY MAN HERE SOON WITH THE EVIDENCE....WE'LL WAIT HERE TILL HE ARRIVES!

MEANWHILE....

TIGHTER!

BY HEAVEN! YOU SNAKES'LL PAY FOR WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO THAT LAD!

Oooww!

SUDDENLY EBONY GRASPS THE PISTOL WITH HIS TEETH

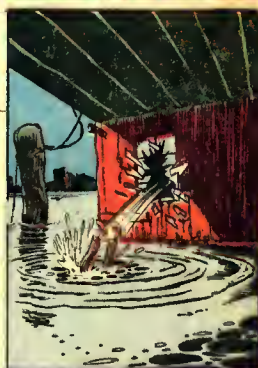
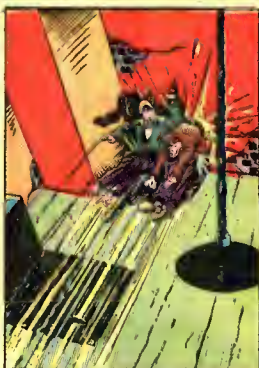
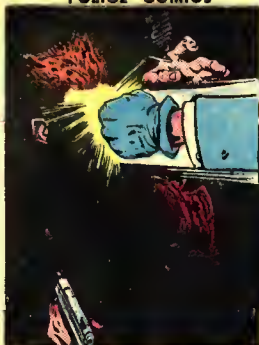


THANKS! GOOD WORK, EBONY!!

...AND NOW YOU VULTURES!



POLICE COMICS





# POLICE COMICS



BUT, THE SPIRIT CAUGHT FOR A MOMENT OFF GUARD AND ON THE GROUND, IS AN EASY PREY FOR THE SNEAKING RABBIT...



SUDDENLY SOMETHING FLIES OVER THE HEADS OF THE STRUGGLING MEN....



POLICE COMICS

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....

HEH!...TH...THE EVIDENCE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW...

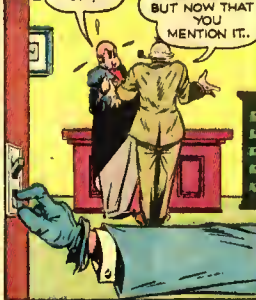
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID AN HOUR AGO, SQUIRE!

NOT WORKING OUT SO WELL EH?



DO YOU DARE TO INSINUATE THAT THIS IS A FRAME-UP?

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A FRAME-UP? BUT NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT..



HEY! THE LIGHTS...!

DONT BE ALARMED GENTLEMEN!



SQUIRE!!.... YOUR LITTLE SCHEME HAS FAILED...YOUR THUGS ARE IN THEIR HIDEOUT ON NORTH RIVER NURSING...AHEN... THEIR BRUISES!...I SUGGEST THAT THE NEXT TIME YOU PLAN YOUR FRAME-UP MORE CAREFULLY, AND NOW TO IMPRESS THE IDEA ON YOU.....



WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE AT LAST TURNED ON....

WHY...OF ALL...! WHO DID THAT?

NOT ME!

NOR ME!



HMPE!!

DOLAN, I THINK IT WOULD BE WELL TO INVESTIGATE THE SQUIRE'S BUSINESS DEALINGS...HIS ACTIONS ARE JUST A BIT ON THE ... EH...PHONEY SIDE!



BY THE WAY... DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WAS THE SPIRIT WHO TURNED THE LIGHTS OFF?



COULD BE... COULD BE ....





# DESTINY

MANAGING  
EDITOR  
PRIVATE

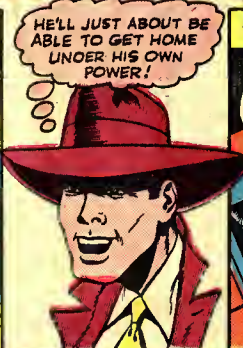
ENDOWED WITH THE STRANGE POWER  
TO TRANSPORT HIMSELF TO THE  
SCENE OF ANY EVIL ACT, DESTINY  
DEVOTES HIS LIFE TO THE FULL USE  
OF HIS GREAT GIFT... AND CRIMINALS  
TREMBLE AT HIS APPEARANCE!

... CRIMES ARE COMMITTED  
ANYWHERE AND EVERYWHERE!  
... AND THIS TIME DESTINY  
DISCOVERS THE FOULEST DEED  
IN, OF ALL PLACES, A BIG  
NEWSPAPER OFFICE!...

As  
DESTINY  
WANDERS  
PAST A  
LOW  
DIVE...

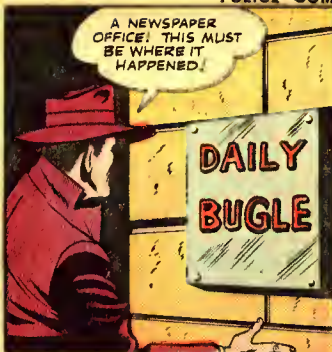
GET OUT  
AND  
STAY OUT!

OOPS!...  
HANG ON!

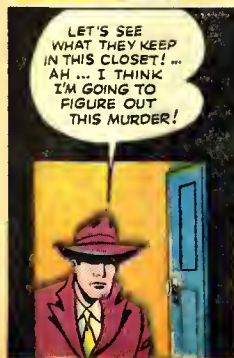




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POLICE COMICS

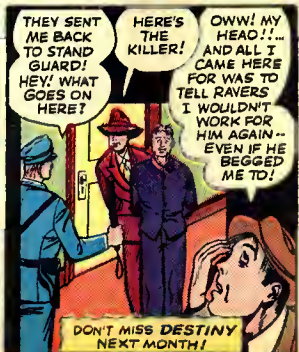
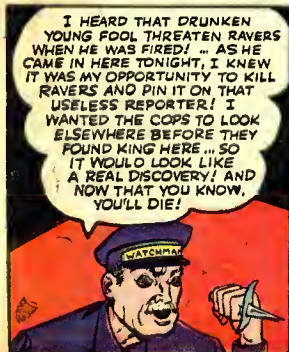
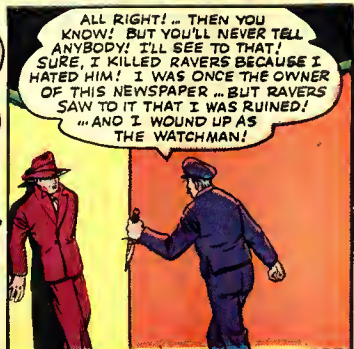
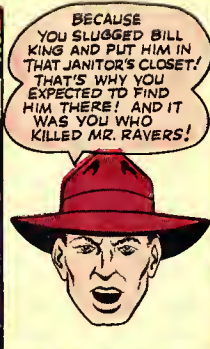


A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

DO YOU THINK THEY'LL FIND HIM AT HOME? I THOUGHT PERHAPS HE MADE A MISTAKE! FOR ALL WE KNOW HE NEVER EVEN LEFT THE BUILDING!



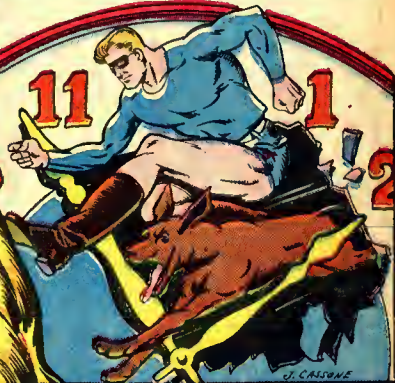
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

# MANHUNTER

I'M LOST! -- ALL OF ME! -- BODY AND MIND! I DON'T KNOW WHERE I CAME FROM OR WHO I AM! WON'T SOMEBODY HELP! PLEASE!



WHEN POLICEMAN DAN RICHARDS GOES OFF DUTY, MANHUNTER COMES ON! AND NOBODY ELSE, ON THE FORCE OR OFF, KNOWS THAT THE ROOKIE COP AND THE STRANGE SMASHER OF EVIL MYSTERIES ARE ONE AND THE SAME!!

PLEASE, SIR-- CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHERE I AM? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

ARE YOU KIDDIN', SIS? THIS IS JUST ABOUT TH' BIGGEST TOWN IN TH' U.S.! EVERYBODY'S HEARD OF IT!

"U.S."--YOU SAY? --I --DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY THAT!

U. S. ... UNITED STATES! NEXT THING, YOU'LL TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN NAME!

MY NAME? NOW THAT YOU SPEAK OF IT-- I DON'T KNOW THAT, EITHER!

MOVE ALONG, MISTER! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!





# POLICE COMICS



LET GO! LET GO!  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHO YOU  
ARE!

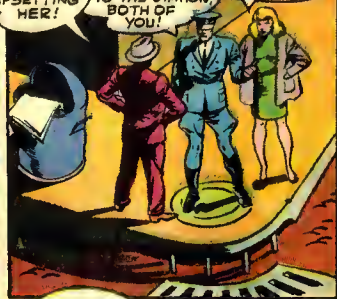
COME ALONG, AT  
ONCE! MY PATIENCE  
ISN'T VERY  
GREAT!

WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE?

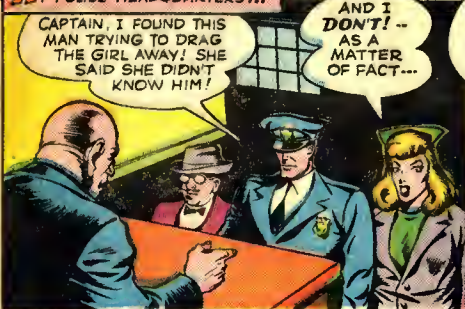
YOU'RE  
ONLY  
CAUSING  
TROUBLE--  
UPSETTING  
HER!

SHE SAID  
SHE DOESN'T  
KNOW YOU!  
BETTER COME  
TO THE STATION,  
BOTH OF  
YOU!

YOU'RE A  
POLICEMAN! I  
CAN REMEMBER  
THAT MUCH!



**A**T POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

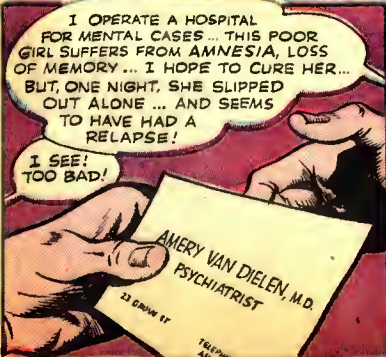


CAPTAIN, I FOUND THIS  
MAN TRYING TO DRAG  
THE GIRL AWAY! SHE  
SAID SHE DIDN'T  
KNOW HIM!

AND I  
**DON'T!** --  
AS A  
MATTER  
OF FACT...

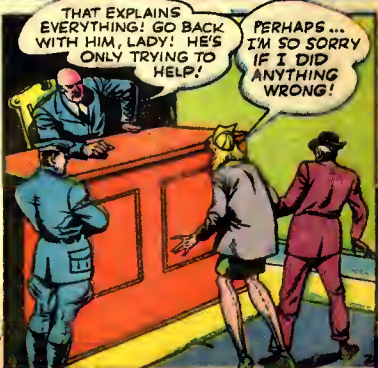
-- I DON'T  
KNOW YOU,  
EITHER, SIR,  
AND I DON'T  
KNOW WHO  
I AM!

PERHAPS I MAY  
NOW HAVE A  
CHANCE TO  
EXPLAIN! HERE,  
CAPTAIN, IS  
MY CARD!



I OPERATE A HOSPITAL  
FOR MENTAL CASES ... THIS POOR  
GIRL SUFFERS FROM AMNESIA, LOSS  
OF MEMORY ... I HOPE TO CURE HER...  
BUT, ONE NIGHT, SHE SLIPPED  
OUT ALONE ... AND SEEMS  
TO HAVE HAD A  
RELAPSE!

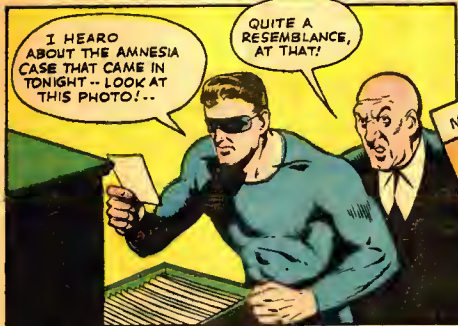
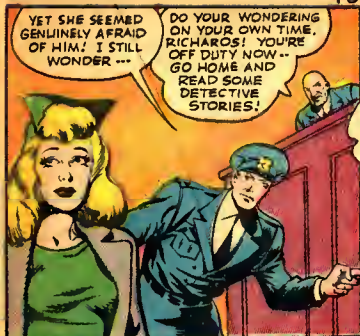
I SEE!  
TOO BAD!



THAT EXPLAINS  
EVERYTHING! GO BACK  
WITH HIM, LADY! HE'S  
ONLY TRYING TO  
HELP!

PERHAPS ...  
I'M SO SORRY  
IF I DID  
ANYTHING  
WRONG!

POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS



THE MEDICAL SOCIETY SAYS THEY HAVE NO RECORD OF ANY DR. VAN DIELEN! THAT FAKE PILL-ROLLER WHISKED A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL AWAY -- AND LEFT NO TRACE!

MAYBE HE DID LEAVE SOMETHING. CAPTAIN! GOODBYE!

YOU PICKED UP THE SCENT, THOR? GOOD BOY ... BUT DON'T RUSH THEM WHEN WE FIND THEM!



MEANWHILE... SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY...

THIS ISN'T YOUR HOSPITAL IS IT?

FLORRID'S CAFE  
"OPEN ALL NIGHT..."

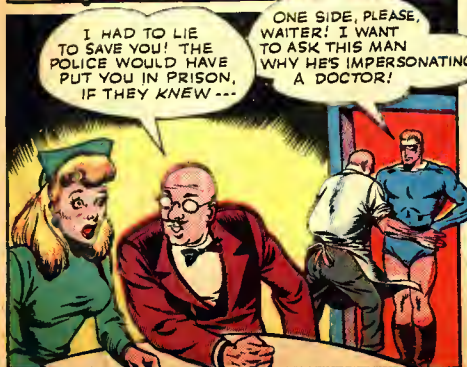
WE'RE ONLY STOPPING HERE FOR A CUP OF COFFEE!



FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T REMEMBER YOU, DOCTOR VAN DIELEN.

DROP THAT ACT! YOU KNOW THAT "VAN DIELEN" IS ONLY ONE OF MY ALIASES!

YOU--KNOW MY NAME? NOW I REMEMBER!!



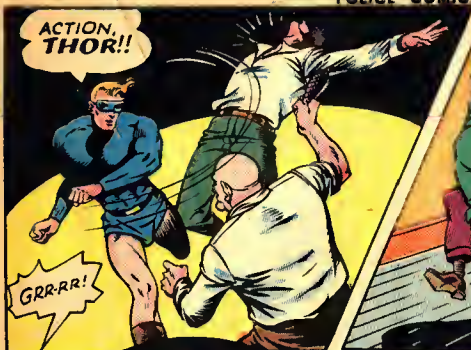
I HAD TO LIE TO SAVE YOU! THE POLICE WOULD HAVE PUT YOU IN PRISON, IF THEY KNEW ...

ONE SIDE, PLEASE, WAITER! I WANT TO ASK THIS MAN WHY HE'S IMPERSONATING A DOCTOR!



IS THAT GIRL GWENDOLYN PAGE OR TRIXIE KOBEL?

HE KNOWS TOO MUCH! GIVE HIM THE WORKS --FOR KEEPS!





POLICE COMICS

**LATER**  
AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS...

THAT'S THOR!  
MANHUNTER'S  
DOG!

TUMBLE OUT, YOU TWO!  
--SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!

THIS MUST  
BE THE PLACE  
THOR  
MEANS!

HEY! WHA--?  
--WANT TO  
SEARCH IT?  
YOU AIN'T  
GOT  
NOTHIN'  
ON US!

HE'S TRYING  
TO LEAD US  
SOMEWHERE!

IF YOU CAN'T  
FIGURE THAT OUT,  
GO SOMEWHERE  
ELSE AN' FIGURE  
THINGS!

FIRST TIME I EVER  
SAW THAT POOCH WITHOUT  
MANHUNTER! BUT I CAN'T  
FIGURE WHY HE LED  
US HERE?

I DON'T LIKE  
MYSTERIES ANY  
BETTER THAN THE  
NEXT COP, BUT---

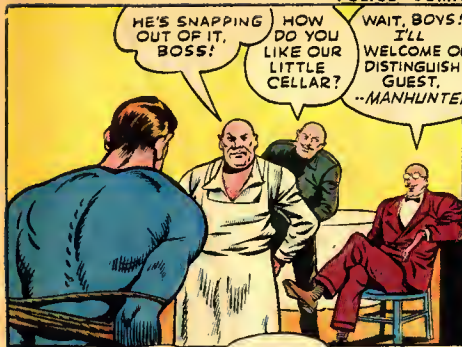
LOOK! CAPTAIN!  
HE WANTS TO LEAD  
US SOMEWHERE  
ELSE!

WHEN MANHUNTER  
REGAINS  
CONSCIOUSNESS!

YOU MUST  
REMEMBER!  
YOU MUST!  
YOUR LIFE AND  
LIBERTY MAY  
DEPEND  
ON IT!

FOR A MOMENT  
I DID REMEMBER!  
THE MAN YOU  
CAPTURED  
CALLED MY  
NAME!

I KNOW! TRIXIE KOBEL!  
YOU HAD AN ACCIDENT,  
TRIXIE, AND YOU'VE  
BEEN ILL-- BUT YOU'RE  
GOING TO GET  
YOUR MEMORY  
BACK!





LEAPING THROUGH THE DOOR, MANHUNTER LOCKS IT BEHIND HIM, WHEN---

I MUST CLEAR MY HEAD--BEFORE I FIGHT FOUR MEN AT ONCE!

WHO ARE YOU? QUICK! BEFORE I SHOOT!

DROP THAT GUN!

VERY ROUGH OF YOU, TOO! YOU PULLED OUT A TUFT OF MY HAIR!

BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE! HMMM... VERY DARK HAIR, ISN'T IT?

OUCH! LET ME GO!---

AREN'T YOU MANHUNTER? AND DIDN'T YOU COME HERE TO FIND THE MISSING GWENDOLYN PAGE?

PARTLY! BUT WE'LL TALK LATER! FIRST OF ALL, COME AND---

--HELP ME SETTLE WITH THESE GENTLEMEN!

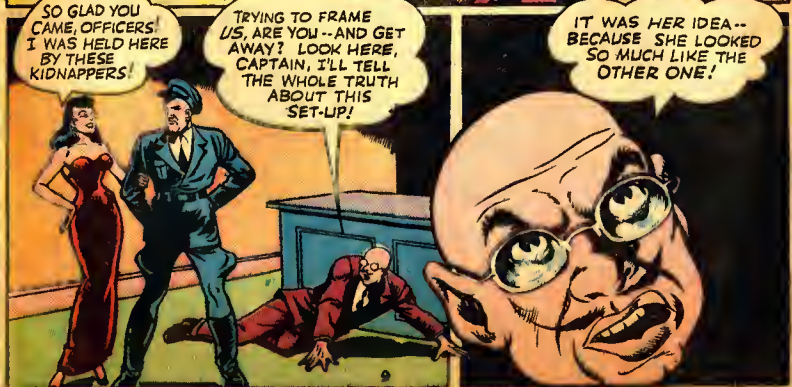
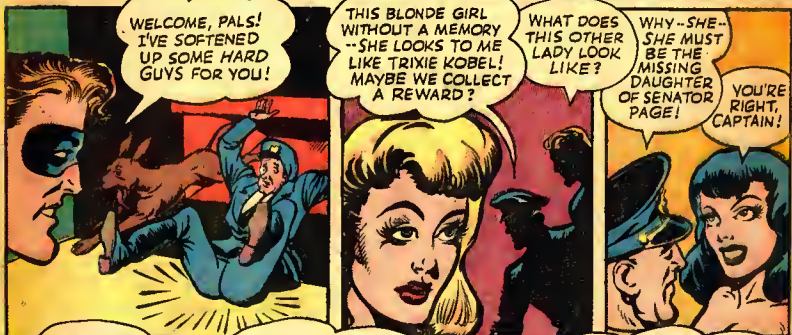
DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT HER!

WELL, WELL, PARDON ME IF I SEEM A BIT FORWARD!

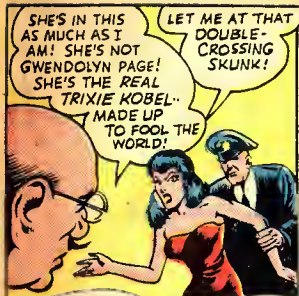
A CHAIR MAY NOT BE A POLITE WEAPON, BUT IT'S EFFECTIVE!



POLICE COMICS







SHE'S IN THIS AS MUCH AS I AM! SHE'S NOT GWENDOLYN PAGE! SHE'S THE REAL **TRIXIE KOBEL**!

MADE UP TO FOOL THE WORLD!

LET ME AT THAT **DOUBLE-CROSSING SKUNK!**



AND HERE'S EVIDENCE TO BACK UP WHAT VAN DIELEN SAYS! A TUFT OF **DARK HAIR, TURNED BLONDE!** --FROM THE **POOR AMNESIA VICTIM** -- AND A TUFT OF **FAIR HAIR, DYED BLACK,** FROM THE **REAL, TRIXIE KOBEL!**

OKAY! WE'RE LICKED! I WAS GOING TO GO TO THE **PAGE HOME** AS THE **SENATOR'S LONG-LOST DAUGHTER** -- AND **STEAL THEM BLIND!**

GIVE ME A BREAK AND I'LL EXPLAIN THE REST! WE **KIDNAPPED MISS PAGE** -- **HYPNOTIZED HER AND BLEACHED HER HAIR!** WE WERE GOING TO MAKE HER THINK SHE WAS **TRIXIE** -- AND **TURN HER IN FOR THE REWARD!**

BUT **MISS PAGE** SLIPPED OUT TONIGHT, STILL **HYPNOTIZED,** BUT ---

LET THE **HYPNOTIST** BRING **POOR MISS PAGE** OUT OF HER **TRANCE!**

**GRUDGINGLY--THE CRIMINAL OBEYS!**

**ROUSE YOURSELF! GWENDOLYN PAGE!** YOU'RE AWAKE NOW!

**YES... AWAKE! --ER-- WHAT AM I DOING HERE?**



**MR. MANHUNTER,** YOU'VE BEEN SO WISE AND BRAVE --I OWE YOU SO MUCH! WONT YOU LET ME **THANK YOU PROPERLY?**

THINK NOTHING OF IT, **MISS PAGE!** I NEVER HANG AROUND AFTER I CLEAR UP A CASE! **GOODBYE!**

**NEXT DAY...**

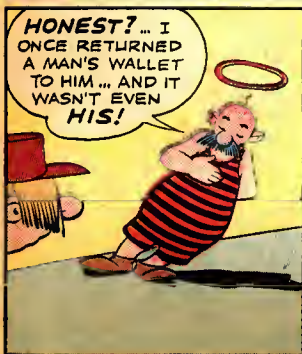
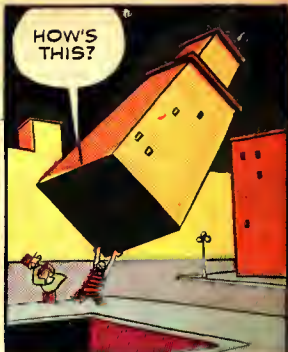
**REPORTING FOR DUTY, CAPTAIN!**

YOU HAD THE **RIGHT HUNCH, RICHARDS!** **DR. VAN DIELEN WAS A FAKE!** TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T WAIT AND **SEE MANHUNTER** SHOW HIM **UP!**



**DON'T MISS MANHUNTER NEXT MONTH!**

POLICE COMICS





# SABOTAGE

THE funeral procession moved with the speed of cold molasses. Two motorcops, with sirens wailing at intervals, kept the way open. Another, tailing the fleet of shiny limousines, saw to it that no traffic passed.

The Bailey Funeral Company was the largest in the state. It advertised funerals from "\$50.00 to \$5,000.00." It did a whale of business; funeral firms usually do. There are no market fluctuations on death.

Hermann Bailey, florid and conceited, sat behind his massive desk and stared out the expensively draped window. Cares sat lightly on the broad shoulders of Bailey. As an astute dealer in death—Himmm! pardon—polite death, he was IT in the country. He made an excellent living waiting for people to die.

He sighed, took a fat cigar out of the humidor, and struck a match. He held it too long, without puffing. It burned his fingers and he dropped it with an exclamation.

"Hot," he said to himself. "Maybe too hot to handle, with safety. And yet . . ."

The phone buzzed softly. Bailey lifted the receiver and said, in an equally soft voice, "Nyess—"

"Bailey?" The rasping voice ripped into his ears. There followed a conversation that caused Bailey to turn first cold and then hot. He began to sputter. But at that point the connection was cut. Bailey's acute asthma bothered him suddenly and he coughed.

Inspector Craig, of the local FBI, looked at the two investi-

gators seated at the opposite side of his desk. He looked glum. The two dicks looked apprehensive.

"Gentlemen," said Craig impatiently, "we're up against it. Plenty. I hate to admit it but facts are facts. We're beating our heads against a wall. So, reluctantly, I've asked Dick Mace to come in on this case."

The two men groaned. "Mace!" one of them said sarcastically. "Glory-grabbing Mace!"

"But," Craig interrupted, "you have to admit that Mace never fails. We have. So there it is."

Thus Dick Mace, one of the cleverest detectives of the age, stepped into one of the cleverest plots of the century.

The Avalon Aircraft Company, largest in the state, suffered several fatal accidents to its employees each day. And when they stepped up orders under the prodding of WPB, the fatalities increased.

These were things that could hardly be helped, although the safety council of the firm did double duty trying to cut the worker death rate.

Dick Mace visited Avalon one day and watched the ambulance attendants carry a man out to the waiting vehicle. He had been killed in an explosion and was not a nice sight. Later in the day, as Dick was preparing to leave, another man was carried out on a stretcher. A sheet covered the body.

Strange, thought Dick, why so many accidents occur here, when other defense plants are comparatively free of them. This was not

quite true, as many other plants in the vicinity suffered heavy casualties. The two shipyards in the region had even more trouble and the accident frequency was considerably higher than at the aircraft companies. Business was good for Herman Bailey.

Dick Mace's assignment was a tough one. Several defense plants making vital war materials had been losing confidential blueprints, mockups of new model planes and ships and, upon at least two occasions, a bombsight had disappeared from the Avalon firm. There was absolutely no chance of a mockup or bombsight getting out of those plants—yet they had. The guards were given a shakeup by the FBI, but all of them proved to be positively on the level. Moreover, it would have been just as impossible for them to smuggle any such articles outside as it would be for anyone else.

"Then how the devil is the stuff being taken away?" demanded Inspector Craig. "I'm going nuts!"

"You're going nuts!" snorted one of the operatives. "What do you think we're doing? And Edgar Hoover himself on his way here!"

Dick Mace was busy. He had been increasingly busy every moment while working on the case. Now he felt that he was getting close to his quarry. He said nothing of his progress to Craig, knowing how he and the other men felt about him. Glory-grabbing Mace! He grinned.

At the moment, Mace was standing near a loading dock of the

## POLICE COMICS

Avalon Aircraft Co. watching two ambulance attendants roll a man onto a stretcher. The man was dead. A crane loaded with heavy sheet aluminum had crashed on him.

The white-uniformed men drew a sheet over the corpse and stooped to pick up their burden. Dick stepped up and lifted a corner of the sheet. The victim's face was a mass of congealed blood and part of the frontal skull was bashed in.

"Bad mess," he said laconically. One of the attendants nodded. "You get used to it. Well, let's go, Riggs." The stretcher disappeared inside the big ambulance. Another "paying" customer for Herman Bailey.

A few hours later Dick watched another man going on his last ride. The scene was the Atlas Shipbuilding Co. The victim had fallen a hundred feet from a scaffold on the ways. Dick had arrived just after the accident, as the attendants were sliding the stretcher into the car. He said, "Wait!" and picked up a corner of the sheet. The body was badly broken. Dick said, "Thanks," and walked away.

"This is terrific," he told himself. "Terrific. If I only could let the press in on it now! I will later. What a scoop!"

Hermann Bailey shivered. It was cold. He turned up the collar of his expensive coat and took several steps along the gravel path. Where the devil were they? He glanced at the luminous dial of his wristwatch.

"Ten minutes late!" he growled.

"Eight, Hermann!"

Bailey whistled. In the darkness he could see nothing. "Who is it?" he demanded in a harsh whisper.

"Your little pal, Jannich," the invisible man answered. "And when you see what papa brought you—you must dig down like a good boy. Dig deep, Hermann. Very deep for this one!"

"Come on," said Bailey in an irate voice. "Lead the way. I can't see a blasted thing in this gloom."

Jannich took a few steps and parted some bushes. Bailey followed, clinging to Jannich's coat-tail. They stumbled into a pitch-dark tunnel that led downward. Unknown to them, a shadow slipped in behind them. . . .

Inspector Craig and Dick Mace were witnessing a strange drama. Hermann Bailey stood in the middle of the large embalming room at the rear of Bailey's establishment. Two men in white smocks worked over a body that lay stretched out on the embalming table. They had lifted a section of the victim's stomach and from the cavity thus exposed drew a large sheaf of papers.

"Ah!" breathed Bailey. "You really did it! Let me have them!" He took the bundle of papers, opened them, and said, "Ah!" once more. Then:

"The complete blueprints for the PV-6 bomber! The fastest, most deadly bomber ever built! What Hitler won't pay for these!"

"Okay, Bailey!" Inspector Craig stepped into view, holding a heavy automatic. Behind him was Dick Mace. "And you other guys," Craig stated. "Stick 'em up high!"

The three conspirators, paling, raised their hands.

"We've got you with the goods, you bloated traitor!" said Craig. "I'd hate to be in you guys' shoes."

Craig snapped handcuffs on all three, then he and Dick examined the 'corpse.' It was a perfect facsimile of a human body. Dick

remembered seeing it under the sheet at the Avalon Aircraft Co. He had known then that they were dealing with a weird plot.

"How did you ever stumble on this idea?" he asked Bailey.

The fat man smiled proudly. "I've not been an embalmer all my life, Mace," he said. "Once, a long time ago, I was something of an artist. I'll admit I've had countless human bodies to study. And design."

While Craig kept the crooks covered, Dick explained his theory of the whole thing. "You see, they keep a supply of these things at the various plants, using stooge employees. They presumably take them in knocked-down, or piece by piece, then assemble them. Whenever a fatal accident occurs at any of the plants, the ambulance goes out to pick up the body. It's all planned out beforehand. The stooges lug one of these, with its secret plans, bombsight, or what have you hidden inside it on a company stretcher to an entrance far distant from where the accident took place."

"But I don't get it," said Craig. "What—"

"Wait," said Dick. "While one ambulance crew is picking up one of these *bodies*, another crew is taking care of the real dead man. Nobody is the wiser. Am I right, Bailey?"

Bailey grinned, nodding. "You smacked it right on the nose, son!" he said.

"I'm beginning to see," said Craig. "What a trick! Then this ratty crew turns over those plans and bombsights to the enemy. According to our records, they have received plenty during the past few months."

"Yeah," Dick said. "They have. But never again. We've put an end to Bailey's artistic wax-work bodies."



# FLATFOOT BURNS



**A** TENSE MOMENT... THE  
BEGINNING OF A  
BLACKOUT! ... THE  
SIRENS WAIL!...



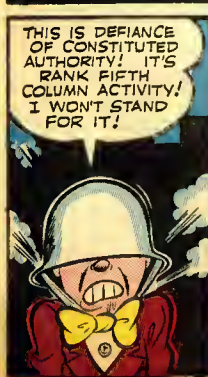
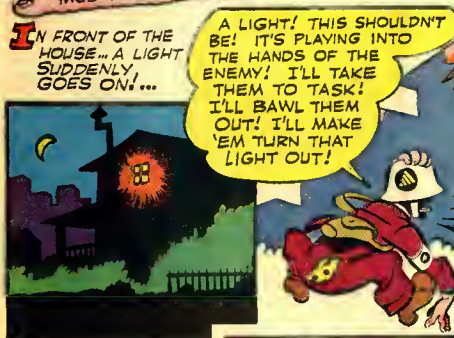
**L**IGHTS  
GO OUT...



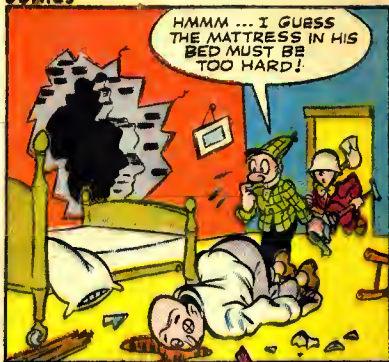
AND THEN...  
COMPLETE DARKNESS...



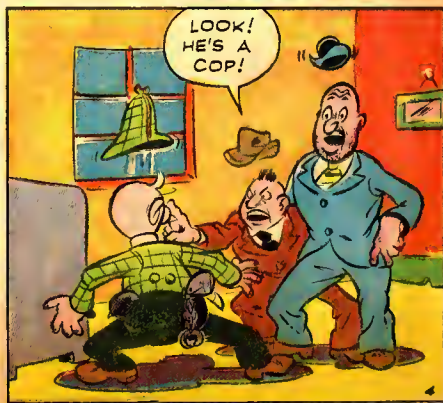
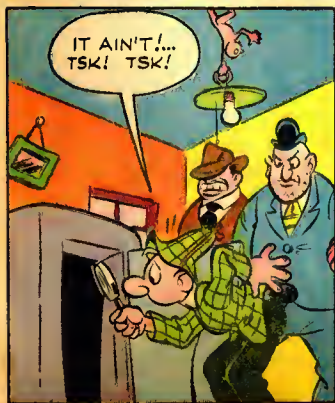
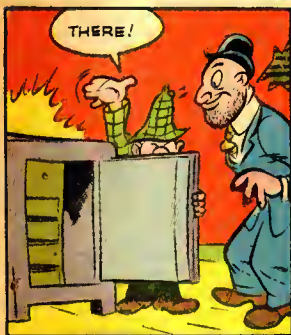
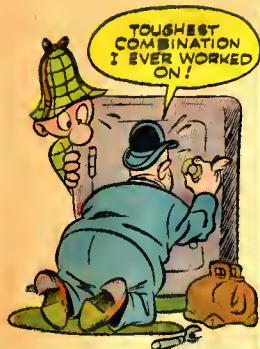
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POLICE COMICS





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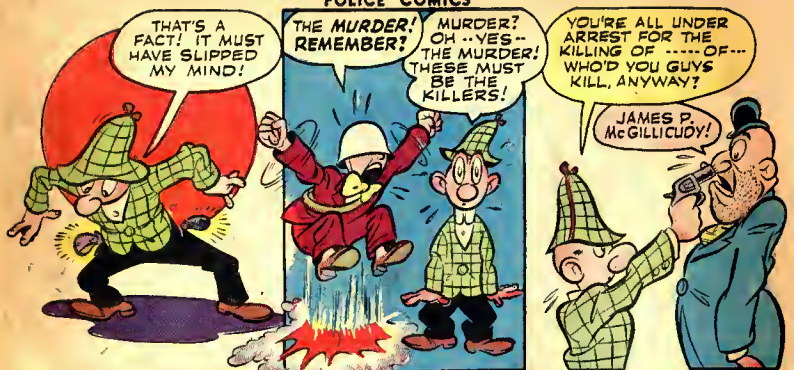
THAT'S A FACT! IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND!

THE MURDER! REMEMBER?

MURDER? OH --YES-- THE MURDER! THESE MUST BE THE KILLERS!

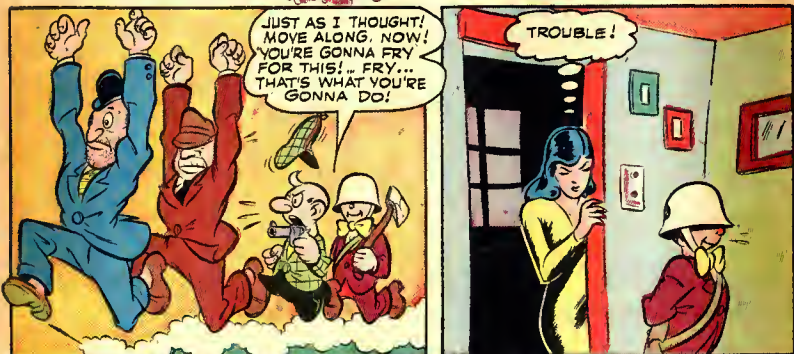
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST FOR THE KILLING OF -----OF... WHO'D YOU GUYS KILL, ANYWAY?

JAMES P. MCGILLICUDDY!



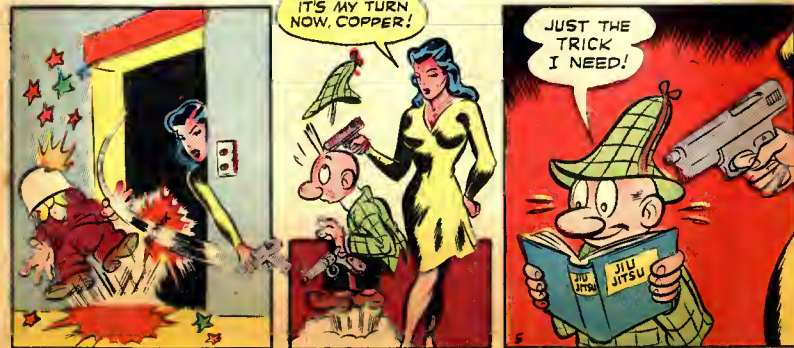
JUST AS I THOUGHT! MOVE ALONG, NOW! YOU'RE GONNA FRY FOR THIS!... FRY... THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO!

TROUBLE!



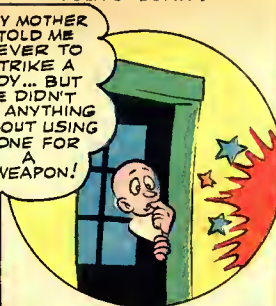
IT'S MY TURN NOW, COPPER!

JUST THE TRICK I NEED!





MY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO STRIKE A LADY... BUT SHE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT USING ONE FOR A WEAPON!



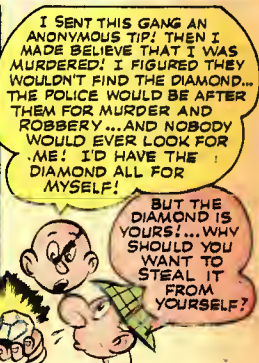
HEY!! YOU'RE DEAD!... I MEAN YOU'RE ---



BET YOU THOUGHT YOU'D ESCAPE! ON THE OTHER HAND, WHY SHOULD YOU ESCAPE? WHAT DID YOU DO?



I'M NOT DEAD! I'VE GOT THE GREAT MOPE DIAMOND IN MY POCKET!

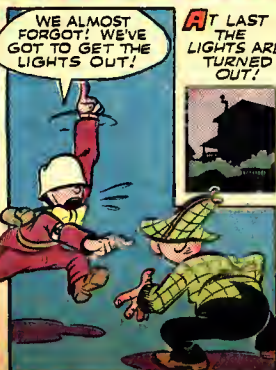


I SENT THIS GANG AN ANONYMOUS TIP! THEN I MADE BELIEVE THAT I WAS MURDERED! I FIGURED THEY WOULDN'T FIND THE DIAMOND... THE POLICE WOULD BE AFTER THEM FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY...AND NOBODY WOULD EVER LOOK FOR ME! I'D HAVE THE DIAMOND ALL FOR MYSELF!

BUT THE DIAMOND IS YOURS!... WHY SHOULD YOU WANT TO STEAL IT FROM YOURSELF?

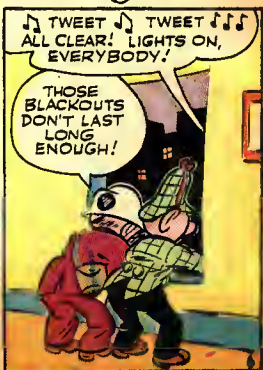


GOSH!... I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!



WE ALMOST FORGOT! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE LIGHTS OUT!

AT LAST THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED OUT!



♪ TWEET ♪ TWEET ♪ ALL CLEAR! LIGHTS ON, EVERYBODY!

THOSE BLACKOUTS DON'T LAST LONG ENOUGH!



# CYCLONE CUPID

HE AIN'T  
STUPID

IT IS THE NIGHT OF A CONCERT BY DMITRI IVAN VOULASHAIVITZKY, THE WORLD RENOWNED VIOLINIST, EVERY CELEBRITY IN AMERICA HAS TURNED OUT IN FULL FORCE!

GRAND  
OPERA HOUSE

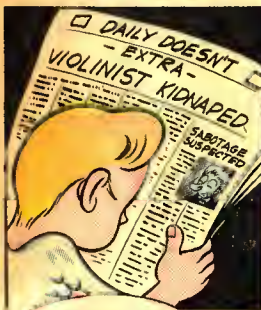


SUDDENLY, THE THEATRE LIGHTS GO OUT! THERE IS A MAD SCUFFLING ON STAGE... PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!

EEEK!

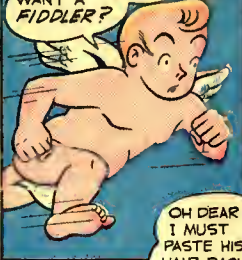
HELP!

WHO TURNED  
OUT THE  
LIGHTS?



I'LL SEND A TRUTH  
ARROW AT HIM AND  
SEE WHAT THIS IS  
ALL ABOUT!

GOTTA LOOK INTO THIS!  
WHY SHOULD SABOTEURS  
WANT A  
FIDDLER?



OH DEAR!  
I MUST  
PASTE HIS  
HAIR BACK,  
BEFORE I  
GIVE MYSELF  
UP!



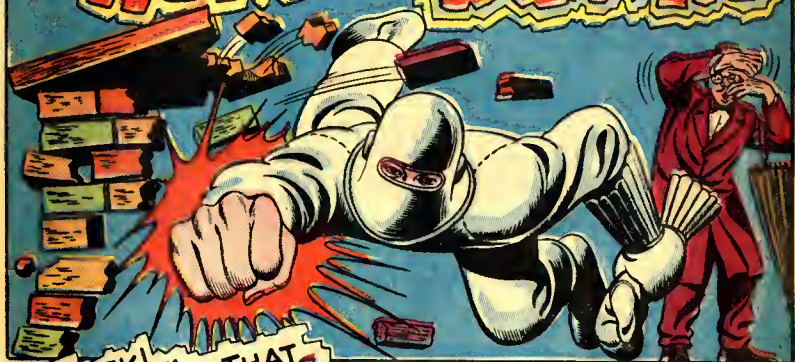
HELP!  
THEY'RE  
CUTTING MY  
BEAUTIFUL  
HAIR!



HONEST YER HONOR... I DIDN'T  
HAVE NUTTIN' AGAINST THAT  
THERE FIDDLER... IT WAS  
JUST THAT ME WIFE'S BEEN  
NAGGIN' ME TO BUY HER A  
NEW FUR COAT... THEN  
WHEN I SEEN THIS GUY'S  
HAIR I  
LOST  
MY HEAD!

CASE  
DISMISSED!

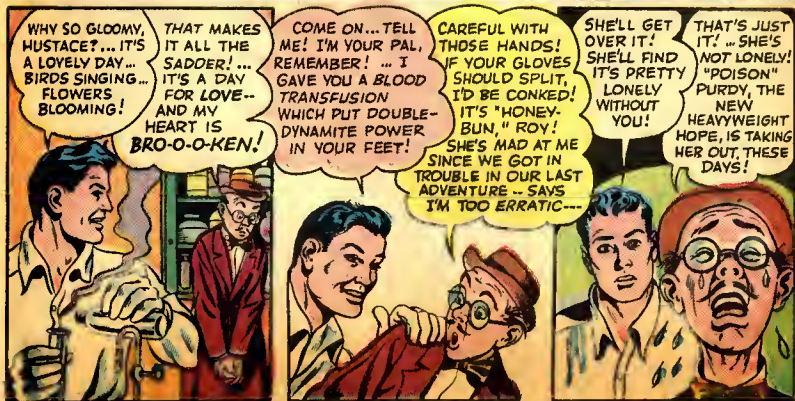
# THE HUMAN BOMB



**QUICK!...  
DODGE THAT  
FIST!**

...BECAUSE IT BELONGS TO THE HUMAN BOMB, WHO, THROUGH A MARVELOUS SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY, HAS MORE EXPLOSIVE POWER IN HIS KNUCKLES THAN A CARLOAD OF DYNAMITE!

**BUT** NOT EVERY PROBLEM CAN BE SETTLED BY BLOWING THINGS TO BITS--AS ROY LINCOLN, ALIAS THE HUMAN BOMB, LEARNED IN THIS ADVENTURE OF **HEARTS and SLUGGERS!**



WHY SO GLOOMY, MUSTACE?... IT'S A LOVELY DAY... BIRDS SINGING... FLOWERS BLOOMING!

THAT MAKES IT ALL THE Sadder! ... IT'S A DAY FOR LOVE-- AND MY HEART IS BRO-O-O-KEN!

COME ON... TELL ME! I'M YOUR PAL, REMEMBER! ... I GAVE YOU A BLOOD TRANSFUSION WHICH PUT DOUBLE-DYNAMITE POWER IN YOUR FEET!

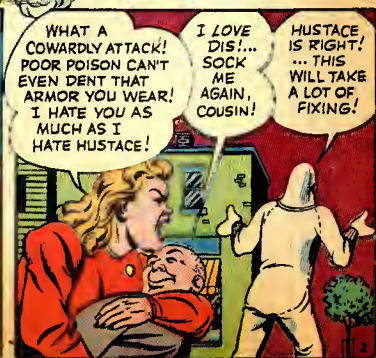
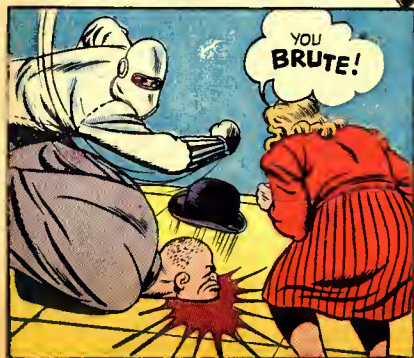
CAREFUL WITH THOSE HANDS! IF YOUR GLOVES SHOULD SPLIT, I'D BE CONKED! IT'S "HONEY-BUN," ROY! SHE'S MAD AT ME SINCE WE GOT IN TROUBLE IN OUR LAST ADVENTURE -- SAYS I'M TOO ERRATIC----

SHE'LL GET OVER IT! SHE'LL FIND IT'S PRETTY LONELY WITHOUT YOU!

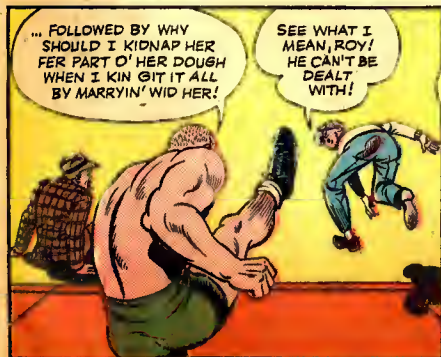
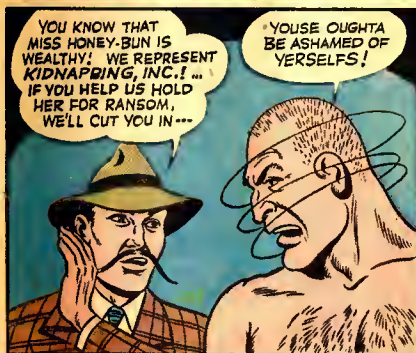
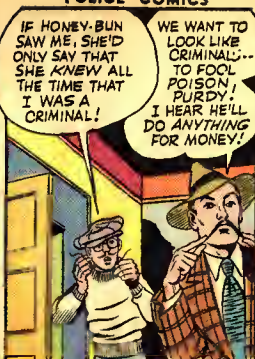
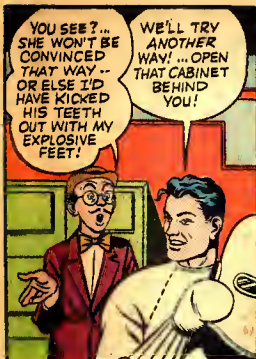
THAT'S JUST IT! ... SHE'S NOT LONELY! "POISON" PURDY, THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT HOPE, IS TAKING HER OUT, THESE DAYS!



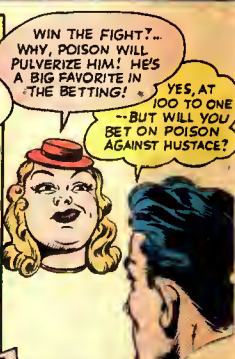
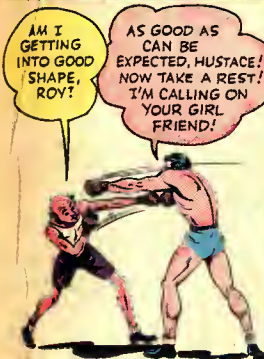
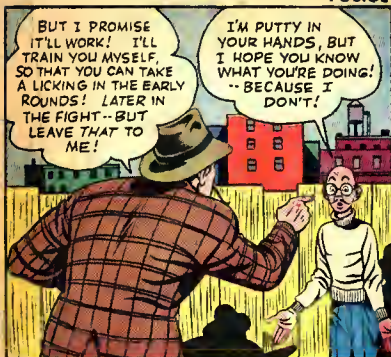
POLICE COMICS

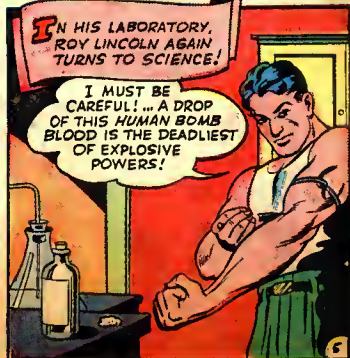
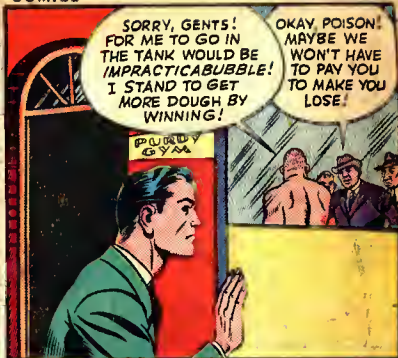


# POLICE COMICS









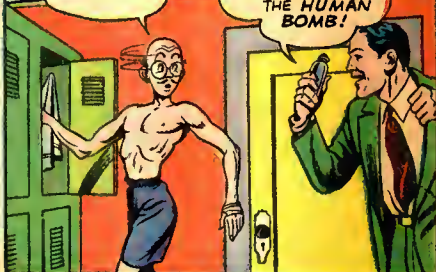


THERE! THE BLOOD  
IS MODIFIED -- BUT IT'S  
STILL THE LIQUID ESSENCE  
OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN!



I'M READY TO  
FIGHT TO THE DEATH,  
ROY! ... WHAT  
IS THAT?

THE KEY TO VICTORY,  
HUSTACE! ... WAIT!...  
I'M GOING TO  
SECOND YOU AS  
THE HUMAN  
BOMB!



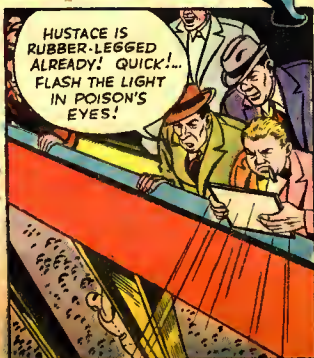
LADEEZ AN' GENTULMUN ...  
THE FEECHUR BOUT OF THE  
EVENING! ... TEN ROUNDS, IF IT  
GOES THAT LONG, BETWEEN  
POISON PURDY AND  
HUSTACE THROCKMORTON!



C'MDN, SHRIMP! ...  
MAKE DIS FIGHT  
LODK  
BELIEVEABUBBLE!



HUSTACE IS  
RUBBER-LEGGED  
ALREADY! QUICK!...  
FLASH THE LIGHT  
IN POISON'S  
EYES!



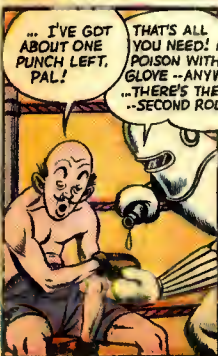
MY GOSH! ...  
SEVEN YEARS'  
BAD LUCK!!

WORSE THAN  
THAT, FOR  
YOU FIGHT-  
FIXERS!



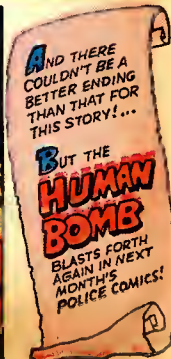
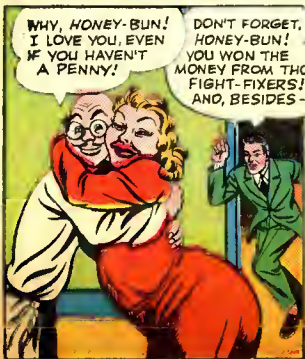
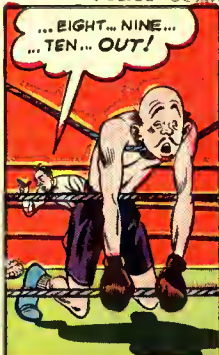
BAM!







POLICE COMICS

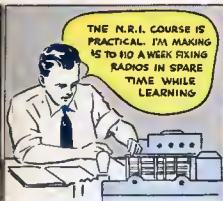


**YES-** RADIO MEN  
ARE MAKING GOOD MONEY  
NOW AND HAVE A BRIGHT  
FUTURE. I'M GOING  
TO START LEARNING  
RADIO RIGHT NOW!



**NO-** NOT ME.  
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE  
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS  
JUST A MATTER OF  
LUCK AND I WASN'T  
BORN LUCKY.

BILL SAID  
"YES"  
HE'S MAKING  
GOOD MONEY  
IN RADIO  
NOW



THE N.R.I. COURSE IS  
PRACTICAL. I'M MAKING  
IS TO DO A WEEK FIXING  
RADIOS IN SPARE  
TIME WHILE  
LEARNING

YOU CERTAINLY  
KNOW RADIO.  
MINE NEVER  
SOUNDED  
BETTER.



I'M A FULL TIME  
RADIO TECHNICIAN  
NOW. N.R.I. HELPS  
A FELLOW JUMP  
HIS PAY

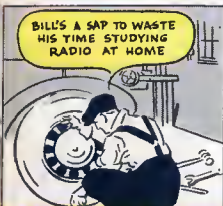
THANKS

BILL, I'M  
SO PROUD OF  
YOU. YOU'VE  
WON SUCCESS  
SO FAST  
IN RADIO

YES! I'M MAKING  
GOOD MONEY  
THANKS TO N.R.I.  
AND WE HAVE A  
BRIGHT FUTURE



TOM SAID  
"NO"  
HE'S STILL  
WAITING  
FOR "LUCK"



BILL'S A SAP TO WASTE  
HIS TIME STUDYING  
RADIO AT HOME



SAME OLD GRIND --  
SAME SKINNY PAY  
ENVELOPE -- I'M  
JUST WHERE I  
WAS FIVE YEARS  
AGO

GUESS I'M A  
FAILURE --  
LOOKS LIKE  
I'LL NEVER  
GET ANYWHERE

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE  
A FAILURE, TOM.  
UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT.  
WISHING AND WAITING  
WON'T GET YOU  
ANYWHERE



## BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN--More Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before -- I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute  
Established 26 Years

### Big Shortage of Radio Technicians, Operators

There's a big shortage of capable Radio Technicians and Operators because so many have joined the Army and Navy. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal number of servicing jobs.

**EXTRA PAY IN  
ARMY, NAVY, TOO**

Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, much higher pay. Also uppers for good Radio jobs after service ends. Over 1,700 Service men enrolled.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, and other communications branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. The Government; too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. Radio factories, now working on Government orders for radio equipment, employ trained men. And think of the NEW job Television, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! This is the sort of opportunity you shouldn't pass up.

**Many Beginners Make \$5, \$10 a Week  
Extra in Spare Time While Learning**

There's probably an opportunity right in your neighborhood to make money in spare time fixing Radios. I'll give you the training that has started hundreds of N.R.I. students making \$5, \$10 a week

extra, within a few months after enrolling. The N.R.I. Course isn't something just prepared to take advantage of the present market for technical books and courses. It has been tried, tested, perfected during the 26 years we have been teaching Radio.

**Mail Coupon Now--Get 64-Page Book Free  
Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do For You**

MAIL THE COUPON NOW for my FREE 64-page book. It tells how N.R.I. trains you at home; shows you letters and photographs of men I trained; describes the many fascinating jobs Radio offers. No obligation--no salesman will call. Just MAIL THE COUPON AT ONCE in an envelope, or paste on a penny postage--J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3MAJ, National Radio Institute, Washington - 9, D. C.

### Training Men for Vital Radio Jobs

THIS **FREE** BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS  
HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3MAJ  
National Radio Institute, Washington - 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

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# The RAIDER

## MACHINE GUN

# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Plenty of noise—plenty of fun—with this BIG gun, operates on a swivel or dismounted, like army guns. Sell only one order Xmas packs.

**COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET**—Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 mysterious Chemistry exhibitions. Sell only one order.

## Touchdown!

**GENUINE LEATHER FOOTBALL**—Official size. Tough, sturdy—a swell prize for selling only one order.



**CANDID-TYPE CAMERA GIVEN**—This fine Camere takes 16 pictures on each roll of film—easy to operate. Sell only one order.

## GIVEN!



**Gene Autry HOLSTER SET**

**BOYS!** Here's that Set you've wanted. "Taxan" type

pistol in jewelled holster, leather belt, kerkchief and lariat—ALL for selling only one order.



## U.S. ARMY OUTFIT



A snappy officer's belt and cap outfit, with an automatic-type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order.

## Sing it with Music!



Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele, decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE! Sell only one order.

## GIVEN

**5 CLOTH BOUND BOOKS**—Over 200 pages each. Choose any five from 24 thrilling stories for boys, girls and all the family—all 5 given for selling only one order.

**Betty 5 Piece Dresser Set**

Full size comb, brush, mirror, perfume bottle and powder jar. Given for selling only one order.



**PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING SET**—Exactly like regular airplane cockpit—every instrument moves. Gunsight end cannon trigger too. This complete outfit for selling only one order.



**FREE** Secret bombastic game, with little wonderful prizes.

## OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

given as explained in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET**

- Electric Football Game
- War Games
- Army Suit
- "Old Spice" Toilet Kit
- Gone Auzy Guitar
- Full-size Violin
- Perfume Lamps
- Ice Skates
- Boxing Gloves

Other prizes for boys and girls and gifts for Mother, too.

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

**BOYS! GIRLS!** Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. All prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET** are **GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST** for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Sals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. S-S, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. S-S, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and an order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_